

## One and Twelve by Kamiye Celeek

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**Summary:** Kali and Jane weren't the only kids to escape from the lab. Three years before the Gate opened, Kat and Ollie had escaped and scratched out a life as brother and sister in the woods of Hawkins. Neither expected that Brenner would show back up... or that he would take Kat. Now Ollie must trust some strangers to help rescue his sister before the lab steals the rest of her life...

## 1. Kat and Ollie

*Hawkins, Indiana. July 8, 1979.*

She counted the number of steps the guard took as he paced in front of her cell. Eight forward, eight backward. As usual, she could tell he didn't want to be there, but he was there because somebody had to watch her. Somebody had to make sure she didn't escape. After all, she was the oldest, the smartest, and the most developed in terms of her powers.

But she wasn't Brenner's prize subject, no. That title went to Eleven. Eleven, the one who'd been born in the lab. Eleven, Brenner's favorite. Eleven, Brenner's daughter. All of them had known it.

*Two shot dead.*

*Three and Four pushed past their limit.*

*Five lost beyond the gate.*

*Six drowned.*

*Seven starved.*

*Nine killed Ten and himself.*

There were four of them left. One, Eight, Eleven, and Twelve. She was One. The first. The original. Brenner's first *failure*. But One knew she wasn't as useless as he said.

She could get out.

One focused on the guard. Focused on getting into his head, on making him do what she wanted. For a few moments, he stopped pacing and she held her breath, intensifying her power for those few moments that she was able to. Blood dripped from her nose but she didn't care.

Then there a click, followed by a muffled *bang*.

She tried to push open her cell door, and it worked. Abstaining from the victory dance she wanted to do, she ran down the hall, towards where they kept Twelve. He was the most lightly guarded out of the four of them, due to him still being a toddler. Two years old, to be precise. And One would be *damned* if she let him stay in this hell like she had.

His guards fell asleep, as she'd willed them to, and she took the keycard to open the cell. Inside, Twelve was sleeping on his little cot. One picked him up, willing him to sleep as deeply as she could. He couldn't wake up before they made it outside, or all this would be for nothing. Her months of careful planning, set ablaze because of a panicked child.

And then she ran.

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*Hawkins, Indiana. July 4, 1985.*

She was doing it again.

Mike leaned against the doorframe, looking at Eleven as she sat cross-legged in the middle of the living room. A dark cloth was tied around her eyes and the TV was set to static, and he knew exactly what she was doing. It had become a near daily ritual since she'd returned to his life. Just a few minutes, every day, in the void. To him, it was good that she had some constants besides him and their friends. And Hopper and Joyce.

"No," she sighed, untying the cloth to reveal her eyes.

"No luck?" he asked, crossing the room to be next to her.

"Not yet, but I'll find them, Mike."

*Them.* The other children.

Ever since she told him about the lab, he'd known that she was *far* from the only child they'd experimented on. There had been at least ten others, and of those ten, she'd met *one*. He had no idea where she'd met Eight or how, but she'd met one of her 'siblings'. Hopper had tried to discourage her from performing the ritual on more than

a few occasions.

"Doc Owens showed me the files, kid. Except for you and Eight, they're all gone."

"I don't believe you" was all she'd said and continued with it anyway.

"You'll find one someday."

"I hope so. I want to know they're okay."

He extended a hand and helped her to her feet. She grabbed a tissue from the box that sat on the end table and wiped off some of the blood that dripped from her nose.

"Hopper said it's time to go. We're gonna be late."

Eleven nodded and followed him to his bike, locking the cabin behind them. Together, the two soon-to-be high schoolers headed out to the road and towards Main Street, which was all decorated for the Fourth of July. Up and down the road, there were vendors and the like plying their wares for the holiday. Several waved as they passed and Mike and El both waved back as a show of friendliness.

"What is all this?" she whispered.

"Oh, um... it's to celebrate our country being free from England. It happened over two hundred years ago, and we have this celebration every year on July 4. There's lots of food and fireworks."

"Fun."

"Yeah, it's a lot of fun, and now we're going to meet up with everyone else."

El smiled; it was so nice to be able to be out in public with Mike and the others. She didn't have to worry about the lab anymore, and she finally had a real family. And, come September, she'd be joining them in high school. For the first time, she'd be a normal girl without worrying about the Upside-Down or the Gate. She could spend time with them at school and learn all they did.

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"Seven four one-nine-eight-five."

"July 4, 1985."

"Right."

The brown-haired girl smiled at her brother, who gazed at her with his wide hazel eyes. He was eight years old, and she'd been trying to teach him to keep track of dates.

"And why is today important?"

"Because today is Independence Day for the rest of the country."

"When is *our* Independence Day?"

"July 8."

"That's right."

Ollie touched the 012 tattooed on his forearm. Instinctively, she did the same with the 001 on hers. Eleven numbers between them, but closer than any of the others.

"I'm going to make us some dinner, okay? You stay where you are."

Kat went into the small kitchen at the back of the house and turned on the stove. Ollie leaned back with a comic book she'd brought him to help improve his reading skills and felt himself relax. This was a good life. He liked it more than the one she'd told him she'd had before they'd left the bad place.

Outside, he heard an unfamiliar sound. It sounded like something crunching over the gravel. He stood up and peeked out the window to see a car and a man with white hair. The white-haired man began walking towards the house, looking directly at Ollie, who stepped back in a panic.

"Kat!" he called.

"What is it?"

There was a knock at the door and Kat turned off the stove before running to Ollie. She lowered her face so she was whispering in his ear.

"Ollie, run."

"I'm not leaving you!"

"No, you're not. I need you to run—run into town and hide. Run like I did six years ago and be safe. They want me, not you."

"But I'm like you, aren't I?"

"I have more powers than you—powers they want. I need you to run, *now*."

Ollie nodded and ran for the back door, where he slipped out without a sound and hid in the bushes. He could hear Kat yelling and a gun firing, and then there was silence. His heart was pounding as he watched the white-haired man lead other men out of the house, Kat carried between some of them. Her nose was bleeding and he could feel nothing but panic.

And so he did exactly what Kat had told him to.

He ran.

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The sun had almost completely set and Steve Harrington was going to pick up his kids.

Well, they weren't exactly *his* kids, but Max had often joked that Steve was like a single mother of five (six, if you counted El as his daughter-in-law) so that's what had stuck. He was supposed to pick the kids up at the festival and bring them back to the Byers for a fireworks show that the Chief was putting on there. Eleven was with the others for once, so he didn't have to pick her up. It was going to be smooth sailing.

He listened to the Queen song that was playing on the radio—"Don't Stop Me Now"—and hummed to the beat. It was probably one of the weirder songs the band had released, to be honest. His eyes were still

on the road as his lights illuminated the pavement ahead.

Then a kid ran into the road.

Steve slammed on his brakes, stopping before he could hit the kid. He got out of the car and found the kid crouching, covering his head with his hands and shuddering with fear.

"Hey, you okay?" he asked. "Are you hurt?"

The kid looked up at him with big hazel eyes. He had dark brown hair and a skinny look, not unlike that of Will, and he was terrified. Obviously, he'd seen some shit and was trying to get to safety. And Steve couldn't think of anywhere safer than the Byers. He extended a hand to the kid, who accepted the help and stood up.

"How old are you?"

"Eight."

"Well, come on. Let's get you some help."

"Can't. She said to hide in town."

"Who said to hide?"

"Kat."

"I have a place you can hide." The kid rubbed a spot on his forearm and Steve saw numbers.

012.

Twelve.

"Yeah, I *definitely* know a place you can hide, kid. It's safe and nobody will find you, I promise. Do you have a name, or... do you go by Twelve?"

"Oliver. But Kat calls me Ollie."

"Ollie... I'm Steve. Come with me and I'll show you where you can hide."

As he'd expected, Ollie shook his head.

"She told me to hide in town."

"And the place I'm offering is still in town... technically. I'm heading there now anyway, so I'll drop you off before I finish up."

Ollie narrowed his eyes and Steve could tell the kid didn't trust him. He got it, though; El hadn't really trusted anybody either.

"It's better than letting some *bad men* pick you up."

"How far is it?"

"Not too far. Come on."

Ollie got in the car—begrudgingly—and Steve buckled the kid's seatbelt as a safety precaution. Once Ollie was secured, Steve started the car back up and drove towards the Byers.

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"You were *supposed* to wait for Steve."

Hopper's annoyed tone made Mike roll his eyes a bit.

"Yeah, I know, but El was feeling uncomfortable with all the people around and wanted to come early."

"So you *all* decided to leave without maybe *calling him* and telling him there was a change of plans?"

"Shit," Dustin muttered.

As if to punctuate Dustin's sentiment, there was a crunching of tires on gravel as a car pulled into the driveway. Specifically, Steve's car. The soon-to-be senior got out and, to everyone's surprise, his passenger-side door opened to reveal a kid who couldn't have been older than nine. The kid looked at Steve with nervousness in his disposition before Steve approached the house. Joyce let him and the kid in, a confused expression on her face.

"Steve, who's this?"



"This is Ollie. He needs help."

Eleven's eyes locked with Ollie's and she could tell that he was afraid. He opened and closed his mouth, unable to speak. She noticed numbers on his forearm, in the same place as hers.

*012.*

Number Twelve.

*She'd found one.*

## 2. The Notebooks

Hopper noticed Eleven staring at Ollie, a look of horror and wonder on her face.

"Hey, what's up?"

"Twelve," she blurted.

"Twelve?" She exposed her forearm, the 011 clearly visible. Ollie's eyes widened and he revealed his with the 012.

"Twelve!" Mike breathed.

*She found one. Or he found her.*

"It's why I brought him here," Steve sighed. "I noticed it and I could only think of one person who might knew what it meant."

"Experiment number twelve," Eleven stated, pointing at Ollie, then herself. "Experiment number eleven."

"So he was in the lab, too?" breathed Dustin. Ollie nodded.

"I wasn't there long. Only until I was two. I don't even *remember* it. Kat does, though—she's the one who got me out of there."

"And what's *her* number?"

"One."

"Why'd they go after her?" Jonathan inquired, clearly confused. "I mean, clearly, she's been hiding for a long time. Why haven't they caught her before now?" Ollie shrugged.

"She told me a long time ago that they would probably come after her one day, and that because she'd gotten me out early, my powers weren't as developed."

"What can you do?"

"I... I'm not sure. Kat never said or told me anything about it. She uses hers sometimes though—mostly when social workers come to the door to ask why I'm not in school or something."

"She kills them?!" Lucas looked horrified.

"She does something to their brains and they just leave. No more questions and I get to stay with her."

Hopper took a deep breath.

Kat, by the sound of it, was a damn good older sister. She'd been taking care of Ollie for six years and he was in good health. Not to mention she'd dragged his ass out of there when he was two. He did have a few questions that *maybe* Kat could answer, but for now, he'd leave it. El looked ecstatic to finally meet one of the kids she'd been searching for close to a year now, and he wasn't going to take that away.

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The next day, though, he found himself being led deep into the woods—deeper than his own cabin, in a place even more isolated. The small house that was there was in good condition, despite the tire tracks indicating that heavy vehicles had been there and the spots of blood on the ground.

"She tried to use her powers," Mike guessed. Eleven's hand was grasped firmly in his and Hopper refrained from reminding them 'hands to yourself'.

"Kat doesn't usually get nosebleeds when she uses her powers, unless she's using a lot at once. And there were a *dozen* guys who came to get her, so she was using a whole lot more than usual," Ollie explained.

Inside, the place was a mess. The coffee table had been kicked over, a vase had broken against the wall, and there were dozens of other little things Hopper picked out immediately. Kat hadn't just rolled over when the fuckers arrived; no, she went out *fighting*. Jeez, he liked her already and he hadn't even *met* this kid yet.

"Does your sister keep a journal or anything?" Steve asked, running a hand through his hair.

"She does—a couple. One is for research, where she lists out the abilities and stuff, and the other one is personal. Both of them are in her room." He ran off to the side and came back with the two notebooks. One was standard black-and-white, while the other was plain black.

Steve picked up the standard one and opened it.

The first page was listing twelve names—the test subjects.

*One: Katherine Morrison.*

*Two: Thomas Baxter.*

*Three: Willow Martin.*

*Four: Nathan Peterson.*

*Five: Victoria Maxwell.*

*Six: Olivia Jones.*

*Seven: Daniel Vernon.*

*Eight: Kali Prasad.*

*Nine: Peter Daniels.*

*Ten: Harris Fields.*

*Eleven: Jane Ives.*

*Twelve: Oliver Greene.*

Eight of the names had a red 'X' next to them. Kali had a question mark next to hers, and there were green checks beside Ollie and Kat's names. El's, on the other hand, had a black exclamation point next to it. On the next page was a key: red 'X' meant dead, green check meant safe, question mark meant unknown, and exclamation mark meant still in danger.

"This is pretty detailed."

"Let me see it," Mike demanded, and Steve let the little shit have the book. "Okay, so... let's start with who we know—El."

El smiled and Hopper rolled his eyes. Mike flipped to where her section began and furrowed his brow.

" 'Number Eleven. Born as Jane Ives to Theresa Ives prior to Theresa's catatonic state as a result of forced electroshock therapy.' That sounds... unpleasant. What does 'catatonic' mean?"

"Unresponsive," Hopper explained. "Terry's alive but you can't really interact with her."

" 'Powers include limited telepathy, psychokinesis, extrasensory perception, psychometry, technopathy, and levitation.' " He looked even more confused. "I don't know what some of that means."

There were a lot of other words for the other kids that Mike didn't understand: pyrokinesis, dimensiokinesis, parafrasynikinesis... lots of words like that. He guessed it was all having to do with powers and what they could do, but then he found Kat's page.

" 'Number One. Born Katherine Morrison to Lisa Morrison prior to lab and mother's death. Powers include limited telepathy, pathokinesis, oneirokinesis, and mnemokinesis.' " He shut the book. "This doesn't help us."

Steve opened the black book and his eyes widened.

"Well, shit. She might be a little..."

On the first five pages, written over and over, were six lines.

*Two shot dead.*

*Three and Four pushed past their limit.*

*Five lost beyond the Gate.*

*Six starved.*

*Seven drowned.*

*Nine killed Ten and Nine.*

"Damn," muttered Hopper, looking at the lines. "She knew how each one went, too."

" 'If you are reading this, chances are that Brenner tracked me down and Ollie led you to our house,' " Steve read aloud, once he got past the death ramblings. " 'I don't care what happens to me, but take care of Ollie. I don't want him to end up like me and the others—a human lab rat treated lower than a fruit fly. I want him to have a good life.' "

"Papa found her," mumbled El and Steve suddenly understood.

"She told Ollie to run and let herself be caught so he could get away." Ollie gasped.

"B-but..."

"No, kid, listen—she's the grown-up in your life and it's her job to take care of you."

"She's not *that* grown-up. She's only eighteen."

They all stared at him. He'd *just told them* the day before that Kat had been taking care of him since he was two, and based on the math, she'd been fucking *twelve* when she took on that responsibility.

Suddenly, Hopper had even more respect for the girl.

"We need to figure out what a lot of this means," Mike sighed, tucking the notebook with information on test subjects into his backpack. "It could help us figure out why they wanted Kat over Ollie."

Steve glanced at the black notebook in his hands and tucked it into his jacket.

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"I won't ask again, One. Where is Twelve?"

"And I told you—he's *gone*. I don't know where he is."

Kat stared defiantly at Brenner.

"Why do you want *me* back anyway? Isn't *Eleven* your prize subject?"

"You have abilities she doesn't. Your pathokinesis, for instance... and the oneirokinesis."

"Yeah. Emotions and dreams. That's *really* going to help fight the Russians." She smirked and rolled her eyes.

"I raised you better than that."

"Funny. For the past six years, I've been raising myself and a little boy. I became a mother at the age of twelve and I'm a better parent than you were at... what, seventy?"

"One, I'm prepared to offer you and Twelve freedom in exchange for your cooperation. I know you can find people if you want to."

"By freedom, you mean that you'll leave us alone and never try to develop Ollie's powers. Okay. Who do you want me to find?"

"I need you to find Eleven and bring her here by any means necessary."

"Oh, Daddy's favorite got away? Ha. No. I'm not helping you."

"This is serious. She's dangerous and her power's only grown since she escaped. And I know she's trying to find Twelve. How do you know she won't hurt him if she does?"

Kat's eyes widened and she suddenly remembered the lab.

A little blonde girl playing in the corner, making things float.

That same girl snapping her guards' necks when they tried to throw her in isolation.

Her obedience towards Brenner.

The dead lab rats who'd had their brains crushed...

"And you *swear* that you'll leave us alone, once you have Eleven?"

"I give you my word... Katherine."

Hearing somebody other than Ollie call her by her name filled her with a sense of purpose. Kat nodded and stood up.

"Take me to the tank."

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**This took a little longer than it should have.**

**So Kat's powers include emotional control and manipulation of memories and dreams. This will be important later. Also, she knew Eleven in the lab and has a little resentment towards her due to Eleven being 'Papa's favorite'. Compared to the other test subjects, she was given preferential treatment.**

**So long and thanks for all the fish!**